UNCLE REUBEN'S ADVICE.

Suggestions For Young Men Contemplating a College Course.

Before entering upon a college course Uncle Reuben would advise all young men to carefully observe the following suggestions:

Spend one season at a natatorium, so that when yachting, and an accident occurs, you can save yourself by swimming.

Have at least one hand to hand encounter with a bear or convert yourself into a sheaf of grain and pass through a thrashing machine in order to harden yourself for a game of foot ball.

Take one season's training as a prize fighter—and be prepared for a hazing.

Be sure and have the mumps before leaving home, and don't forget to be vaccinated. It may save a great deal of bother.

Be sure to learn to play some position well in a baseball nine and have all your fingers put out of joint while they are young and tender.

Steal away with your father's rankest pipe and learn to smoke. It's better to be sick at home with mother to comfort you, and then the extras for doctor's bills will not be so large. Father sometimes kicks about those extras.

It might be well for you to learn to play the guitar, mandolin, violin, bass viol, flute, cornet—in fact, make a brass band out of yourself before entering college, so that you would have more time to devote to your studies.

You might take a course in some newspaper office, as you may be called upon to contribute to the college monthly, and of course you could not spare any time from your studies to devote to society news, etc.

This is a vast field, and I might mention many other things, but take this for a starter, and perhaps the other things will suggest themselves to you.—Detroit Free Press.

Trade Catalogues.

Trade catalogue making in America, if not elsewhere, has gradually become a fine art. For years American catalogues have been the admiration of foreigners, and yet a comparatively small number of these catalogues were printed on particularly fine paper or had special attention paid to typography. There were a few firms only that indulged in the luxury of what might be termed "gilt edged" catalogues, and single editions of these frequently cost a small fortune.

Aside from this there is another point, though rather more utilitarian in aspect, which is worthy of note, and that is that the classifications and descriptions in these catalogues are generally sufficiently definite to enable the exact quality, price and style to be found either by name or number and an order to be made out, with the certainty of being satisfied, even when the prospective purchaser has never seen the goods.

The possible performances of the tools and other apparatus are detailed, the different grades are illustrated, and as far as possible it is made easy for the buyer to get a good general knowledge of everything that the manufacturer includes among his products. In this respect, as in that of artistic excellence, American catalogues are, generally speaking, vastly superior to those of English or European origin in which there is too often an inadequateness of description which leaves one unpleasantly in doubt as to the quality or performance of any particular tool advertised.—Cassier's Magazine.

To Make Camphorated Oil.

Get the common cottonseed table oil, which is sold for sweet oil. Small bottles at retail stores usually cost 10 cents. Half fill a six ounce bottle with gum camphor, then fill with oil and let it stand in a very warm place over night. The oil will take up only just so much of camphor, and when it is used off fill with oil again, repeating the process until the camphor is dissolved. This is cheap and clean and will not soil clothing. In these grip days camphorated oil does much good. It will often entirely dissipate symptoms of an influenza cold, to which persons who have had grip seem peculiarly liable. Rub across the forehead over and between the eyes. It is a relief, too, for the pains in the legs, which remain long after the attack is over. Rub with it around the muscles and knee joints, over and under.—New York Journal.

Gold Medals Given by Congress.

There have been but three gold medals awarded by congress to persons in the United States for heroism in saving life. One of these is in the possession of Captain Alfred Sorensen of the steamer Charles L. Mather of Boston. Another is owned by a man named Daly of San Francisco, to whom it was presented in 1854 for plunging into the surf and saving a life, and the third was given to a Gay Head Indian, who saved the life of a passenger in the City of Columbus wreck, Vineyard sound, in 1884.—Boston Transcript.

A Poser.

Johnny—Pop, may I ask you a question in arithmetic?

Happy Father (proud of his son's love for study)—Certainly, my boy.

DELIGHTS AND WOES OF NAPLES.

Where the Beggars, Donkey Boys and Other Bores Are All Prevailing.

About Sorrento there is something of a Neapolitan flavor in the air. The Neapolitan small boy is half monkey, half comedian and half thief, and here, as elsewhere, the boy is father to the man. In Sorrento there is the municipal band, more inexorable in Italy than death itself. There are the little companies of men and women who dance the tarantella in costume on the terraces of the hotels and sing vulgar songs, which the foreigner takes for national airs.

There are not indeed so many beggars as in Naples itself and its vicinity, but the perpetual attempt to extract small coin from the visitor occupies the sole and undivided attention of at least one portion of the population. Here, as in Naples, the guide guides not, but chatters, butchering what he supposes to be the foreigner's language in order to make himself a holiday. Here, as elsewhere, the lively donkey boy twists the patient ass' tail, ultimately requests you to dismount at the steep places and gets on himself. Here, as in all southern Italy and its vicinity, but the perpetual attempt to extract small coin from the visitor occupies the sole and undivided attention of at least one portion of the population. Here, as in Naples, the guide guides not, but chatters, butchering what he supposes to be the foreigner's language in order to make himself a holiday. Here, as elsewhere, the lively donkey boy twists the patient ass' tail, ultimately requests you to dismount at the steep places and gets on himself. Here, as in all southern Italy and the small deceptions of a very poor and not very clever people bring a smile to the keen but often good natured northerner's face.

All this I might describe at endless length had it not been done so often, and in one or two instances so well. There it all is, more or less lovely as to its surroundings, more or less modern in its buildings, more or less civilized by the people that move upon the scene. And below it and before it and facing it stretches the sea, the eternal, ever changing, ever abiding sea.

The splashes of human wrought color and the deeper tones of man planted orange gardens and olive groves and vines are forever contrasting with God's own palette, with that broad water wherein are mingled the precious things of day and night, the maiden rose mellow of dawn and the gorgeous purple of imperial evening, the gold of the sun, and the silver of the moon, and the precious stones of the stars, all blending at last in the depths of the great liquid sapphire of that sea which wise men of old believed to be the source of all living things.—Century.

Starting Locomotive Fires.

A quarter of a cent is a very small sum in itself, but when multiplied enough times the product is considerable, a fact which railway managers thoroughly understand. A saving of only 1 mill a day in the running of a locomotive amounts to 36½ cents in a year, and with several thousand locomotives the saving is considerable. The good superintendent today is the man who makes these little savings, and the number of ways in which they are done is astonishing. Take the matter of starting a fire, for example. Most locomotives are fired up with wood, and about an eighth of a cord is necessary to start a good blaze.

Wood is pretty expensive fuel to use for such purposes, and several railways have begun to substitute oil for it. The oil is stored in a reservoir outside the roundhouse, and is forced by compressed air through a series of fixed pipes to flexible pipes near each locomotive stall. When it is necessary to start a fire, a bed of coal is spread over the grate, some old waste thrown on top of it and lighted, and then the oil is sprayed into the firebox through the flexible pipes by the compressed air. It takes just about as long to start a fire with this apparatus as with wood, but with the former the cost is only 2½ cents, while with wood it ranges from 11 to 35 cents.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Disappearance of the "Old Salt."

The typical "old salt," who uses strange oaths, wears a long knife in his belt and hitches up his trousers, is fast dying out, but he will not be missed in the navy, for there is no further need of him. The fashions of the sea, like the fashions of the land, have changed, and the sailors of the future must be machinists, carpenters and boatswains, sailmakers and masters. Even the guns are handled by machinery, and even the lights at the topmast and in the bows are lighted by touching a button. The condition of men-of-warsmen is so changed that one-third—perhaps one-half—of the crew of such ships as the Columbia, or the New York, or the Minneapolis are employed below in the engine and boiler rooms, while the ordinary sailor has nothing to do but to swab the decks and keep the brasswork shining. The machinist speaks of him with contempt and calls him a chambermaid.—Chicago Record.

Three Times and Out.

A gentleman living out on College street drove down to the city the other evening after his wife, and not finding her started home again. After leaving the city he saw a lady walking along in the street ahead whom he took for his better half. Riding up to her, he said, "Get in," when she turned a strange face up to him and answered: "Thank you, sir. You look all right, but I don't know you."

He apologized and drove on, when he saw another lady walking on ahead. This surely is she, he

[illegible]

The Probable [illegible] They Are Used.

If there is not some little defect in Herr Dowe's system of making a cobbler bullet proof, the result of warfare will be a very remarkable one. Since the object of war is to kill—"to place hors de combat" is only a less crude way of putting the fact—new ways of killing infantry and cavalry will have to be devised. The chances of hitting men in the face at long distance with rifle fire will not be good enough. But the only ways of killing effectively that will remain open will be artillery fire, close combat with the bayonet and clubbed rifle—preferably the latter, as the cuirass will make the bayonet difficult to use with effect—and riding men down by cavalry charges. The first of these, artillery fire, has hitherto been regarded as of comparatively little importance in the matter of killing.

It is often declared, indeed, that the chief effect produced by the guns is the moral effect. Though not many are killed, men do not like to be within range of artillery. Possibly, however, the effect of artillery fire could be increased. In any case, and since everything is relative, the fact of the falling off of efficiency in rifle fire must increase the importance of artillery fire. It is obvious, however, that the chief effect of bullet proof soldiers on the circumstances of a battle would be to increase enormously the amount of hand to hand fighting. But hand to hand fighting means an advantage to the strongest and most athletic force. Now, it will be seen from the bare enumeration of the changes which seem likely to follow bullet proof soldiers that a great advantage will be given to England.

Bullet proof cuirasses will give an advantage to the nation which can only bring a small number of troops into the field. But that nation is [illegible] left by the will of Peter Isaac Thellusson, probably the most remarkable on record. His father, Isaac Thellusson, had been ambassador from Geneva, in Switzerland, to the court of Louis XV, king of the French. Peter, who made his abode in London in the middle of the eighteenth century, accumulated an immense fortune, subsequently purchasing the manor of Brodsworth in Yorkshire. He died June 20, 1808, leaving a most extraordinary will. He bequeathed £100,000 to his widow, but directed that the remainder of his property, consisting of personality amounting to £600,000, besides a landed estate of the annual value of £4,500, should accumulate during the lives of his three sons, and after their death it was to be conveyed to the eldest lineal male descendant of his own three sons. Should no heir then exist, the whole was to be applied by the agency of the sinking fund to the national debt.

His will caused much public censure, it being commonly supposed that his design was the accumulation of a colossal fortune for remote descendants, in which case, however, his purpose is said to have been frustrated through the cost of litigation during 61 years, rendering the property no larger than it was at his death. But a worthier reason for his peculiar will is assigned, namely, that he held much property in trust and desired sufficient time to elapse for the appearance of just claimants. However, his will being contested by the heirs at law, it was firmly established by decision of the house of lords on June 25, 1805. In consequence of this will an act of parliament was passed restraining testators from devising property for purposes of accumulation for longer than 21 years after their death, any other direction to be void.

Thellusson's last grandson died in February, 1860. A dispute then arose as to whether his oldest male descendant or the male descendant of his oldest son was to inherit the property. On an appeal to the house of lords the decision was given in favor of the latter. This oldest son of Peter Isaac Thellusson, born Oct. 13, 1761, had been created Baron Rendlesham, in the peerage of Ireland, on Feb. 1, 1806. On this decision the accumulated property passed to his descendant, the present and fifth baron, Frederick William Brook Thellusson, whose residence is Rendlesham Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk, for which county he has sat in the house of commons, a privilege belonging to those Irish peers who have no seats in the house of lords.—Spare Moments.

It Worked the Other Way.

"Er—our revival has resulted in so many accessions to the church," said the minister, leaning back in his chair and putting the tips of his fingers together, "that I—um, ah—I think it would not be a bad idea for my salary to be increased."

"I'm afraid we can't do it, brother," replied the deacon. "You see, the only way we got so many of them to join was by explaining that with a large membership the burden of carrying a minister at the salary you are now getting would be but little felt."—Indianapolis Journal.

Presented at Court.

"It mus' be mighty fine," said Plodding Pete, who had been reading foreign news from a fugitive scrap of paper, "ter move in de circles of royal society. How'd yer like ter be presented at court?"

"I have been," replied Meandering Mike.

"G'way! Who done it fur yer"

"De gra' jury."—Washington Star

Some Sugar.

When a sugar refinery wharf needs a new floor, the old one is not thrown away or sold to a junk dealer, but is carted into the refinery and boiled. The planks are saturated with sugar, molasses and a variety of other things not usually deemed edible. The refinery process, however, separates the absorbed sugar from the impurities, and the refiners make a very handsome saving by boiling up the old floor. Nobody need be shocked at this economy, as sugar refining is all that the name implies.—New York Sun.

Borax Curd Soap.

Borax curd soap is very convenient in the household. It is made as follows: Dissolve 3 ounces of borax in 2 quarts of warm water; add to this 2 pounds of best yellow soap sliced fine; stir altogether in a warm place until all is melted, stirring occasionally. When it is cool, it will form a jelly. One tablespoonful will make a strong lather in a gallon of water.

Awkward.

Husband—Awfully sorry I'm so late, dear. Been detained on business with Teddy Newcombe all the evening.

Wife—Yes, darling! Mr. Newcombe has been waiting here for you since 9.—Popular Magazine.

The dagger which Assassin Santo used on President Carnot had a 6½ inch blade and bears the usual Spanish inscription on one side "Toledo," and on the other "Rocinerda."

TOO LATE FOR THE OCEAN STEAMER.

Dozens of Passengers Get Down to the Dock at the Last Minute.

An interesting and sometimes exciting phase of New York life is found in the effort of a great many people to leave it. If you care to rise very early in the morning for studies of your kind, go down to the pier of one of the great ocean liners on sailing day. Seven o'clock is the usual sailing hour, and 7 o'clock in the morning is a dreadfully early hour for New York's wealthy pleasure seekers.

One of the first things that strike the notice of the old timer of steamboat days, especially the river man, is the promptness and regularity which characterize the movements of the "liner." Seven o'clock means 7 o'clock. Exactly on the second the deep voice of command echoes from the bridge, the single remaining gangplank is drawn in upon the pier, the engineer's bell jingles, and the big screw begins to revolve. Within the first minute the immense body of the ship swings clear of the dock. Two minutes later she is slowly heading down stream bound for the open sea, a tug or two snorting and pulling at her gigantic nose to shorten the turn.

The next curious fact to the onlooker is that somebody who is booked for that particular steamer comes tearing down to the pier in a cab or four wheeler piled with small luggage just in time to witness this last evolution in the river. Sometimes this unhappy individual is a woman who has spent one minute too many before her mirror in settling the pitch of a bonnet. Sometimes it is a man who has probably lingered with friends just one minute too long over a parting glass, and sometimes both man and woman come. And then, oh, my! How they give it to each other there in the carriage! In one case it is a case of unprintable oaths. And the whole crowd on the pier, up to that time absorbed in floating handkerchiefs and tears and waving hats, suddenly discover that there is still something left in New York worth looking at and turn from the departing ship to the belated traveler.

I have been down at the piers on sailing day several times, and these two features have always attracted my attention. I do not say they are invariable, but I never saw a ship lose half a minute of her starting time and have always seen somebody left at the last moment. There are dozens and scores of passengers who come down to the dock at the last minute and scramble on in the most undignified manner. The slightest accident to delay their carriages, a lazy car ahead, a block of trucks or any one of the thousand and one common things of such a character would throw them out of the passage for which they had probably paid and destroy their entire programme of pleasure. They could get there, of course, minutes or hours before if they chose, but this is the only way to attract attention and is deemed worth the risk.—New York Herald.

A Stolen Secret.

The manufacture of tinware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need to be informed that tinware is simply thin sheet iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron. Dip the iron in a bath of boiling tin and remove it, enveloped in the silvery metal, to a place of cooling. In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult of arts. It was discovered in Holland and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly half a century. England tried to discover the secret in vain until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, crossed the channel, insinuated himself surreptitiously into a tin plate manufactory, made himself master of the secret and brought it home.—Manufacturers' Gazette.

His Misery.

He came slowly and uncertain of step into the office of his friend the physician.

"Hello," greeted the doctor cheerfully, "you look like a wreck. What's the matter?"

"Can't you let me have something to relieve my misery?" he groaned as he sank into a chair.

"What's the matter? What do you want?" inquired the doctor solicitously, reaching for his pulse.

"Oh," he groaned, "I'm dead broke, and I want $10," the name which he did not get.—Detroit Free Press.

A JUVENILE GOETHE POEM.

Beloved grandpapa!
A glad New Year doth now appear.
I therefore faith and duty thus renew,
And deep respect from out a heart that's clear
Pour forth in verses thus [illegible] to you.
In awkwardness, but all sincere.
May God, who thus renews, you newly bless
And crown for you with all good luck the year,
Firm as cedars stand, fix your happiness
And grant that fav'ring fate may e'er be near.
Still in your home may ev'ry blessing meet
And may the gentle muses guide them there.
And health attend upon your toe'ring feet.
Since greater treasures man may never wear.

Dearest grandma mine!
The year's first day brings my breast a feeling tender
And drives me thus to join myself with you
In verses which I'm sure no scholar e'er could render,
Who sees but meter halting and untrue.
I wish to these my true love may be shown you,
That ev'ry blessing may be surely thine,
That God will keep as he has ever kept you
And grant you ev'ry wish, through prayer of mine,
And through new years may oft his mercy shine.

* * * * * * *

My maiden effort 'tis, this which I send to you.
Henceforth in readiness my pen'll be more true.
—Literally Translated by E. W. S. Tingle.

Courtroom Repartee.

The following anecdote is related of Judge Thornton, who was chief justice of the court of common pleas in New Hampshire and judge of the superior court of that state in the last century. While he was presiding in the common pleas a counsel who was making the closing argument to the jury in a protracted case on a warm afternoon discovered that the presiding judge on the bench was absorbed in reading a book, and his associate was soundly sleeping by his side. The advocate turned to the jury, and with indignant emphasis remarked, "Gentlemen, my unfortunate client has no hope but in your attention, since the court in their wisdom will not condescend to hear his case!"

Of course there was no sleeping on the bench after that, but Judge Thornton looked up from his book and remarked: "When you have anything to offer, Mr. ——, which is pertinent to the case on trial, the court will be happy to hear you. Meantime I may as well resume my reading."—Green Bag.

Lawn Mowers.

The proper care of a lawn mower is a matter of importance, as even the best makes are liable to get out of order with ill usage. The bolts should always be kept tight and the [illegible] should not be allowed to [illegible] prevent this it should be [illegible] used on a dry wooden [illegible] ware.

Greek Waterworks.

The Greeks depended upon [illegible] and cisterns hewn in [illegible] the insufficiency of the [illegible] to daring engineering [illegible] early as 625 B. C. a tunnel [illegible] long, 8 broad and 8 feet [illegible] through a hill which [illegible] Samos and a coveted [illegible]. Fifty or sixty years [illegible] the works of a similar [illegible] constructed to bring water [illegible] from the hills of Hymettus [illegible] and Parnes. Two [illegible] Hymettus [illegible] the Ilissus [illegible]